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THE NEW GERMAN EMPEROR.

Some months ago, before the death of the Emperor William, and before the present Emperor's sad illness, a contemporary wrote:—

"As to the Crown Prince, it is not exaggeration to state that he is the *beau idéal* of all that is finest, noblest and best of the great German race. 'A tall, handsome and noble-looking man, with an elegant figure, light-brown hair and a straw-colored beard, with a most chivalrous, and yet somewhat grave courtesy,—a Teuton, in fact, such as Tacitus describes,' is the portrait which the Empress Eugenie draws of him in writing to her friend, the Comtesse Walewski. His name, his appearance and his character are famous throughout the world: they are as well known in Japan or China as in America or Europe. No breath of scandal has ever tarnished his fair fame, either as officer, gentleman, or in his domestic relations, and probably the highest testimony in his favor is the fact that the French, with all their intense vindictiveness against the Germans, have never either uttered or published a single offensive remark about him. A singularly devoted husband, his undisguised admiration for his clever and talented wife has given rise to the rumor that he is entirely subservient to her will. Those who make this assertion know the Prince but little. That it is entirely false, every one who has had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the strongly-defined features of his sterling and upright character will readily admit. Few parents have ever devoted themselves more completely to their children, and, with the solitary exception of Prince William, whose conduct toward his father and mother has been far from exemplary, the tenderest relations exist between the Crown Prince and Princess and their children. Never was depth and intensity of feeling more strikingly displayed than at the funeral of Prince Waldemar, an exceedingly bright and lovable twelve-year-old boy, and their favorite child. Few of those who were present on March 29, 1879, in the Friedenskirche at Potsdam, will forget the scene. It is a moving thing to see a man weep, especially when the mourner is so glorious a specimen of manhood as the Crown Prince, and there were few dry eyes in the church.

"Those who have had frequent opportunities of seeing the Crown Prince in civilian dress will have noticed that

FREDERICK III., EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

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he always wears a little silver coin mounted as a scarf-pin in his cravat. Remarking, one day, that the person with whom he was conversing was observing the pin with some curiosity, he pulled it out of his scarf, and said, 'This little silver coin is one of three which were unearthed in an old Roman grave in the presence of my three boys. I had the three coins mounted as pins for them, as mementoes of the occasion, and when my little Waldemar died I took possession of his, and have worn it ever since.' The Crown Prince's relations with his father are of the most affectionate nature, notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, and nothing is more touching than to see the tender and respectful manner in which he raises the old gentleman's hand to his lips."

The early training of the Emperor into the details of which we have not space to enter, was a most thorough one. His mother bestowed the greatest care on the choice of his earliest governesses and masters; his education was later entrusted to Ernst Curtius the well-known historian of Greece, and during his military training he was subjected to as severe discipline as any lieutenant in the whole army.

Perhaps the most important journey of the student life of the then Crown Prince, was that taken to England where as a young man of twenty he took part in the opening of the great first International Exhibition in London in the year 1851. Here he got his first view of the loyalty of a perfectly free people. Here, at the great "Peace Festival" as Queen Victoria delighted to call it, he saw vast crowds of hundreds and thousands of people assembled to see the sights without the slightest appearance of disorder. No military precautions were taken to preserve the peace, scarcely a policeman was visible, and apparently none were needed. A whole nation were elbowing one another in the streets, quiet because they had no cause for discontent. The quiet, domestic happiness of the Queen and her family too, impressed him greatly, and the admiration evinced at the sight of the restless, unselfish industry of the Prince Consort, as he quietly and effectively promoted numberless schemes for the benefit of the people, only increased as the years went on.

Here, too, he first met her who ever since, though lately in a specially marked degree, has shown herself so true a helpmate for her noble husband. As a soldier "Unser Fritz", as the German people delight to call him, on account both of his genial, lovable disposition and his sterling abilities as a commander, was the idol of his troops. And yet he had the true soldier's dread of war. War is terrible, he writes in his journal just after what was hailed as a glorious victory in the Franco-German war, "He who causes war with a stroke of his pen at his writing table knows not what he calls up from Hades."

As for his military honors, in 1858, the first year of his married life he was made a major-general in the Prussian army, in 1861 he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general, when, at the head of the Second (Pomeranian) Corps d'Armee, he took part in the war against Denmark. At the outbreak of the war with Austria in 1866 he was placed in commmand of the army of the Oder, and at the beginning of the Franco-German war he was placed in command of the Third Army, a force comprised of 172,000 infantry, 17,000 cavalry, and 576 guns. It was to this army that the city of Paris surrendered and it was from the late Emperor's bulletin announcing the first Prussian victory that his soldiers caught the name "Our Fritz" which was soon affectionately echoed throughout the land and will probably cling to him through life.

As to his thoughtfulness for others, who has not heard of the story of his kindness to the schoolmaster at Barnsted, where the Princess, his wife, kept a large dairy farm. Stepping into the school near by one day, he had not been in long when the postman rushed in with a telegram. From the schoolmaster's face, he judged that it contained bad news and insisted on being told. "Your old mother dangerously ill," he exclaimed, "then of course you must go at once." "But, sir, the children; my class!" "Never mind; I will undertake them until eleven when the clergyman comes" was the quick reply; and there he stayed keeping the little ones busy until he was relieved.

They have had eight children. Prince Sigismund died in 1866, and Prince Waldemar in 1879, at the age of twelve. The surviving children are:—

1. Prince Frederick William Victor Albert (known as Prince William), Crown Prince of Prussia and Prince Imperial of Germany. He was born on Jan. 27, 1859, married on Feb. 27, 1881, to Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg, who was born on May 3, 1860. They have four children. Prince Frederick William, born on May 6, 1882; Prince Frederick, born on July 7, 1883; Prince Adalbert, born on July 14, 1884; and Prince August William, born on Jan. 29, 1887.

2. Princess Charlotte, who was born on July 24, 1860. She was married on Feb. 18, 1878, to Prince Bernard, eldest son of Duke George II. of Saxe-Meiningen. They have a daughter, Princess Theodora, born on May 12, 1879.

3. Prince Henry, who was born on Aug. 14, 1862. He was betrothed on March 22, 1887, to Princess Irene of Hesse, daughter of the Grand Duke Louis IV.

4. Princess Victoria, who was born on April 12, 1866.

5. Princess Sophie Dorothea, who was born on June 13, 1870.

6. Princess Marguerite, who was born on April 22, 1872.

On the 25th of January, 1883, the Prince and Princess celebrated their silver wedding, but at their request all public festivities were dispensed with owing to the death of an uncle, Prince Karl. The occasion did not, however, pass without more characteristic commemoration. The city of Berlin voted a large sum of money to be placed at their disposal for training nurses for the needy; another larger sum was quietly collected throughout Germany to be used by them for any charitable purpose they desired to assist; several cities combined to furnish their dining hall afresh; and a "loan collection" of pictures in possession of private owners at Berlin was opened expressly for the occasion.

Of the present sad illness of the Emperor and the faithful nursing of his heroic wife, the subject is too well known, and too fresh in all our minds to need further reference here. Anxiously the papers are scanned day by day for the latest news concerning him, and from all over the world, from people of every nation and creed goes up the prayer for health, and long life and prosperity for Emperor Frederick III.

A CRITICAL MOMENT.

I was talking, a few weeks ago, with a clergyman at the West who said he returned to his father's house in Boston, and his brother, a son in the family, came in intoxicated; and he said when the intoxicated son had retired, "Mother, how do you stand this?"

"Oh!" she said, "I have stood this a good while; but it does not worry me now. I found it was worrying me to death, and I put the whole case in God's hands, and said, 'O God! I cannot endure this any longer; take care of my son, reform him, bless him, save him, and there I left the whole thing with God, and I shall never worry again."

"The next day," said the clergyman, who was talking to me in regard to it, "I met my brother, and I said, 'John, you are in an awful position.' 'How so?' said he. 'Why mother has told me that she has left you with God; she doesn't pray for you any more.' 'Is that so? Well, I can never contend with the Lord; I shall never drink again.'"

He never did drink again. He went to the far West; and at a banquet in St. Louis given to him, a lawyer just come to the city, there were many guests, and there was much wine poured, and they insisted that this reformed lawyer should take his glass of wine; and they insisted until it became a great embarrassment as they said to him:—"Ah, you don't seem to have any regard for us, and you have no sympathy with our hilarities."

Then the man lifted the glass and said.—"Gentlemen, there was in Boston some years ago a man who, though he had a beautiful wife and two children, fell away from his integrity and went down into the ditch of drunkenness. He was reformed by the grace of God and the prayers of his mother, and he stands before you to-night. I am that man. If I drink this glass I shall go back to my old habits and perish. I am not strong enough to endure it. Shall I drink it? If you say so, I will."

A man sitting next, lifted a knife and with one stroke broke off the bottom of the glass; and all the men at the table shouted, "Don't drink! don't drink!"

Oh! that man was a hero. He had been going through a battle year after year; that was a great crisis. What a struggle! There are a great many men in peril; and when you are hard in your criticisms about men's inconsistency you do not know what a battle they have to fight—a battle compared with which Austerlitz and Gettysburg and Waterloo were child's play.—*Friends' Review.*

TEMPERANCE ARITHMETIC.

Please work out this problem and think it over:—

(*a*) A smoker spends twenty cents a day for cigars; how many dollars will he spend in one-half year? (*b*) How many books at $2 apiece could he buy with this money?

In the United States 60,000 drunkards die annually. How many die each day? How many each hour? Allowing 12 square feet for each grave, how many acres would be required for their burial?

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON X.—JUNE 3.

JESUS CRUCIFIED.—Matt. 27: 33-50.

COMMIT VERSES 35-37.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.—Phil. 2: 8.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Christ crucified the atoning sacrifice for sin.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 27: 1-32.
T. Matt. 27: 33-56.
W. Mark. 15: 22-41.
Th. Luke 23: 33-49.
F. John 19: 17-37.
Sa. Isa. 53: 1-12.
Su. 1 Cor. 1: 18-31.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

33. *And when they were come:* from Pilate's hall, accompanied by two robbers, each bearing his own cross, and each under a guard of four soldiers. 34. *Vinegar:* common sour wine. *Mingled with gall:* or myrrh; some bitter compound which stupefied or dulled the senses to the pain. *Would not drink:* because he was sent to suffer. 35. *Crucified him:* his hands and feet were nailed to the cross, and he was left to die the most terrible death. *Parted his garments:* among the soldiers, all except his coat, which, being seamless, they cast lots who should have that. (See Luke 23: 34; John 19: 23, 24.) *Might be fulfilled:* Ps. 22: 18. 37. *King of the Jews:* a truth told in mockery. It was written in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, the three languages then used. 40. *Destroyest the temple:* a misinterpretation of language Jesus used, and which came up at his trial. (John 2: 19; Matt. 26: 61.) 41. All these are members of the Sanhedrim, or council, which condemned Jesus. *Elders:* are the heads of families, leading people. 42. *Saved others:* they could not see how he could be able to save others, and yet not save himself. But really he saved others by *not* saving himself. 44. *Thieves:* brigands. Only one mocked; the other repented. 45. *Sixth hour:* twelve o'clock, noon. *Ninth hour:* three o'clock in the afternoon. 46. *Eli*, etc.: a quotation in Hebrew of Ps. 22: 1. 47. *Elias:* the Greek form of Elijah. 50. *Yielded up the ghost:* his spirit, his soul.

SUBJECT: CHRIST CRUCIFIED FOR US.

QUESTIONS.

I. ON THE WAY TO THE CROSS (vs. 33, 34).—Where was Jesus crucified? What is its common name? Give some of the incidents that took place on the way. (Matt. 27: 32; Luke 23: 26-32.) What was given Jesus to drink? Why did he refuse?

II. THE CRUCIFIXION (vs. 35, 37, 38.)—Give an account of the method of crucifying. What did Jesus say as they were nailing him to the cross? (Luke 23: 34.) Why must Jesus die such a terrible death? (John 3: 14.) At what hour was he crucified? (Mark 15: 25.) What title was placed over the cross? In how many languages? Why? Was this title a truth? Who were crucified with Jesus?

III. SCENES AT THE CROSS (vs. 35-45.)—What did the soldiers do near the cross? (v. 35.) What scripture was fulfilled by them? (Ps. 22: 18.) What friends were near the cross? (John 19: 25, 26; Matt. 27: 55, 56.) How did the crowd treat Jesus? Would they have believed had he come down from the cross? Could Jesus have saved himself? Why did he not? What did the robbers do? (v. 44.) What wonderful change in one of them? (Luke 23: 39-43.) What touching scene took place between Jesus and his mother and John? (John 19: 26, 27.) What took place over all the land? What was the meaning of this? How many times did Jesus speak from the cross? (1) Luke 23: 34; (2) Luke 23: 43; (3) John 19: 26, 27; (4) Matt. 27: 46; (5) John 19: 28; (6) John 19: 30; (7) Luke 23: 46.

IV. IT IS FINISHED (vs. 46-50.)—What did Jesus say just before he died? (v. 46.) How is his death described? At what hour did he die? What were his last words? What was finished? What took place immediately after his death? (Matt. 27: 51-54.) What was the meaning of these events? What lessons do you learn from the cross?

LESSON XI.—JUNE 10.

JESUS RISEN.—Matt. 28: 1-15.

COMMIT VERSES 5-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.—1 Cor. 15: 20.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The risen Saviour is our Resurrection and Life.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 28: 1-15.
T. Mark 16: 1-13.
W. Luke 24: 1-12.
Th. John 20: 1-18.
F. 1 Cor. 15: 1-28.
Sa. 1 Cor. 15: 35-58.
Su. 1 Thess. 4: 11-18.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

THE BURIAL. Friday afternoon between four and six o'clock, in a new sepulchre near Calvary, aided by Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus. PRECAUTIONS. The Sabbath (Matt. 27: 62-66.) In order to prove the resurrection, the death must be proved beyond doubt. In the providence of God, the centurion testified to the death of Jesus: the soldiers pierced his heart; the tomb was new, and at the request of the chief priests the tomb was sealed and guarded. THE RESURRECTION. Very early Sunday morning (Matt. 28: 2-4), accompanied by an earthquake and by a shining angel. THE WOMEN AT THE SEPULCHRE. Early Sunday morning (vs. 1, 2). 1. *Mary Magdalene:* accompanied by several others. 7. *He goeth before you into Galilee:* Jesus appeared indeed to the disciples in Jerusalem, but the great meeting was in Galilee, where 500 assembled in response to this command. There the great commission was given. MARY MAGDALENE FIRST SEES JESUS (Mark 16: 9). Early Sunday morning. She probably went away before the other women, told Peter and John, and followed them back to the sepulchre, reaching it after they were gone. THE SECOND APPEARANCE OF JESUS to the other women returning from the sepulchre (vs. 9, 10). THE FALSE CHARGE. 13. *Stole him away while we slept:* false on its face, for if they were asleep they could not know how Jesus went away. 14. *Secure you:* from the penalty of sleeping on guard, which was death.

OUR LORD'S APPEARANCES AFTER HIS RESURRECTION.—(1) To Mary Magdalene (John 20: 11; Mark 16: 9). (2) To the women returning from the sepulchre (Matt. 28: 9). (3) To Peter (Luke 24: 34; 1 Cor. 15: 5). (4) To two disciples at Emmaus (Luke 24: 13-35). (5) To the eleven at Jerusalem (Mark 16: 14). (6) To the eleven at Jerusalem (John 20: 26). (7) To seven disciples by the Sea of Galilee (John 21: 1-24). (8) To the eleven on a mountain in Galilee (Matt. 28: 16). (9) To the 500 brethren, possibly identical with (8), (1 Cor. 15: 6). (10) To James, probably at Jerusalem. (11) To the eleven, just before the ascension. 2 and 8 are in to-day's lesson.

THE RESURRECTION IS PROVED: (1) By the testimony of the apostles. (2) They had every opportunity of knowing. (3) They were convinced against their own expectations. (4) They attested their belief by their lives and by death. (5) Multitudes right at the time, and on the spot, believed. (6) It changed the lives of the apostles. (7) The change of the Sabbath testifies to it. (8) The story of the enemies contradicts itself.

SUBJECT: THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS.

QUESTIONS.

I. HIS RESURRECTION (vs. 1, 2).—How long was Jesus in the tomb? (1 Cor. 15: 4.) On what day did Jesus rise from the dead? At what time of the day? What signs accompanied his resurrection? What promise was thus fulfilled? (16: 21: 20: 19.) What does Paul say about the importance of this event? (1 Cor. 15: 11-20.) Did Jesus rise with the same body with which he was crucified? (John 20: 25; Luke 24: 39-43.) Was it then like the bodies we shall have at the resurrection? (1 Cor. 15: 50-51.) When did that change take place in Jesus' body? (Luke 24: 51.) Could we prove that Jesus rose from the dead unless he came back with exactly the same body that died?

II. THE PROOFS OF HIS RESURRECTION (vs. 1-15.)—Who came first to visit the tomb? (v. 1; Mark 16: 1.) What does their example teach us about keeping the Sabbath? What hinderance did they expect? (Mark 16: 3, 4.) How was it removed? What lesson may we learn from this? Whom did the women find at the tomb? What message did the angels send? Why was the appearance in Galilee only mentioned? (1 Cor. 15: 6; John 21: 10-17.)

To whom did Jesus appear first? (Mark 16: 9.) To whom next? (vs. 9, 10.) How many other times did Jesus appear? (See Helps.) Give some account of them. During how many days did Jesus appear? (Acts 1: 3.) Are the proofs that Jesus arose from the dead abundantly sufficient? Does the work that Jesus is now doing in the world prove that he is living? What proof did he give in Paul's conversion? (Acts 9: 5.)

How did his enemies fail in their plan to throw doubt on his resurrection? (vs. 11-15.)

III. THE TEACHING OF HIS RESURRECTION.—How does the resurrection complete the proof that Jesus was the Son of God, the Saviour of the world? (1 Cor. 15: 13-17.) What does it teach us about the reality of life beyond the grave? What does it teach about our resurrection? (John 6: 40: 11: 23-25.) What does the Bible teach us further about our resurrection? (1 Cor. 15: 35-51: Phil. 3: 20, 21.) What comfort do you find in this truth? Of what new life is it an illustration? (Rom. 6: 1-8.)

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Second Quarter, 1888.)

1. Apr. 1.—The Marriage Feast.—Matt. 22: 1-14.
2. Apr. 8.—Christ's Last Warning.—Matt. 23: 27-39.
3. Apr. 15.—Christian Watchfulness.—Matt. 24: 42-51.
4. Apr. 22.—The Ten Virgins.—Matt. 25: 1-13.
5. Apr. 29.—The Talents.—Matt. 25, 14-30.
6. May 6.—The Judgment.—Matt. 25, 31-46.
7. May 13.—The Lord's Supper.—Matt. 26, 17-30.
8. May 20.—Jesus in Gethsemane.—Matt. 26: 36-46.
9. May 27.—Peter's Denial.—Matt. 26: 67-75.
10. **June 3.—Jesus Crucified.—Matt. 27: 33-50.**
11. **June 10.—Jesus Risen.—Matt. 28: 1-15.**
12. June 17.—The Great Commission.—Matt. 28: 16-20.
13. Review, Temperance.—1 Cor. 8: 1-13, and Missions.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

EXTRA WORK.

BY ERNESTINE IRVING.

Some women have a faculty for doing a large quantity of extra work that amounts to mere nothing, which tires and frets and worries, to a remarkable degree.

Many people in telling a story or giving an account of some fact, waste time, health, and the patience of their listener in detail before the pith of the matter is reached. They will begin something like this: "Last Monday, no, I think it was Tuesday, well, I don't know but it might have been Monday, any way it was Monday or Tuesday one of the two, and if not, the first of the week. Well, as I was saying, I walked down the road and saw a carriage with lady and gentleman coming this way. I watched them, half mistrusting who they were till they came in full sight, when I saw it was Uncle and Aunt Jackson, come to take dinner here on their way to the Baptist convention over the river."

This little statement could be put in fewer words, less tiring to talker and listener, and yet the full meaning grasped at once. I think in many cases it is so with housework. If one makes great talk and commotion about a piece of work before it is begun, there is liable to be less concentration and force when actually started. Patter, patter, talk, talk, all the little particulars and minutiae add nothing. A straight-about course, understanding the work and doing it, is what tells.

Some mothers think they must do every thing themselves, not depend on or expect any thing from their children. I call to mind one who picked up her daughters' sun bonnets every time they threw them down, and hung them in their proper place. She said she never required her children to wait upon themselves in the least, she always did it for them, although it was very hard work for her, and made a great deal of extra, as she kept no hired help.

What was the end? Inflammatory rheumatism that became chronic. Years of helpless invalidism that compelled those children to pick up their own belongings or stumble over them, prepare their own food and do for themselves about all that was done for them. People groaned and shook their heads, pointing to the overworked mother in her distress as a sample of folly. Let us call it more the result of ignorance of physiological laws. She was quite well, and little thought but that her present strength would endure. Had she husbanded it more carefully, and guarded the conditions of health and disease more securely, quite probably she might have escaped the severe penalty.

I call to mind a second case, a minister's wife with seven children. I said one Sabbath, "*Do you not* feel weary, Mrs. J., when you reach church, after getting such a family ready? For I notice all are here from stately Helen to baby Edith."

"Tired? oh no. But if you imagine I do all the housework and dress all these children for church you are mistaken?"

"Who does it? not the minister?"

"Oh, no. Each child has his part, and does it promptly and faithfully. I have taught them from babyhood to wait upon themselves, and upon their papa and me. In their young, bounding life it is no task, and serves as discipline."

"Wise mother!" thought I. "You are building on the right foundation."

To waste one's forces in getting ready for battle, leaving no reserve for the conflict is poor generalship. I have known people dressing for callers, or preparing for company, work so hard, talk so much, fuss and fix so long, that when the people arrived the nervous force of the hostess had been consumed, and she had nothing left for bright conversation and general good feeling at their visit. It pays in the long run to keep one's self fresh and bright.

"This looks well on paper, and is easy enough to write, but how it is to be done!" says one tired sister, who, all her life has been doing and doing for others and not herself. How is it to be done? First, by taking time each day from many of those little extras you are now doing, and will discover if you earnestly set about it, taking time from them to read and rest a little. You will find, if you persevere, this time for resting will gradually lengthen, till, when you have followed it six months, you will be surprised to find what a recruited soldier you are, while the main work of your army has still been going on.

There was a time when the writer of this article thought she could do many kinds of work, besides her regular employment of teaching. After a short trial, the consequence for her was a substitute in her school and comparative rest from all labor. Nothing is gained by over-pressure. An engineer knows the power of his engine, and if greater speed is attempted, then the distance must be shortened for only so much can be accomplished. The human engine is very much on that principle, but often in our blindness we fail to see it, and when the water is low in the boiler put on all the steam that can be carried, when lo! the snap is heard before the strain is ended or the work accomplished. Rest from the extras by not doing them, and, second, don't fritter. If you have something on hand to do, do it.—*Household.*

THE CARE OF LAMPS.

The necessity for the proper care of lamps cannot be too strongly impressed on every one who has charge of a household, for ill-trimmed, foul lamps not only cause serious discomfort and annoyance, but more or less aggravated disorder of the health of every one who breathes the air contaminated by them. Some hints as to their management will doubtless be welcome.

The use of kerosene in one form or another is so universal, even in great cities, and its full brilliancy is so rarely attained, that any information leading to that end is of great value. No medium used for household lighting produces, under given conditions, givesso soft, so brilliant, and so steady a flame as the best qualities of kerosene. The given conditions are absolute cleanliness of the lamp, the wick, and the oil, also the chimney. To attain the first it will be necessary once a week or a fortnight at least to empty the lamp of its contents and wash it inside and out with hot soap and water, and a little washing soda. When clean rinse again and again to remove all traces of soap, then invert the lamp and leave it to drain until perfectly dry. If the burner is badly blackened take a little fine ashes and an old tooth-brush, moisten the ashes with ammonia water and scrub vigorously; then rinse, and polish with flannel. The next step will be to place a new wick in the burner; wicks are not costly; they should, therefore, for purposes of proper burning and good illumination, be used only a week, and then removed, as during that time they have absorbed sufficient impurities from the oil to become charged with them to a degree interfering with the best powers of the oil for illumination.

Lamp wicks should be trimmed every day with great care. It is claimed by those who profess to know, that wicks made of felt are greatly superior to the ordinary cotton wicks and doubtless this is the case, because the felt presents no network for entanglement with the small toothed wheel that elevates and lowers the wick.

The lamp and wick having been treated, we must next consider the chimney, that brittle object which causes such annoyance by its tendency to breaking at most unexpected junctures. This brittleness results from insufficient, or rather imperfect, annealing of the lamp glass in its manufacture, and may be in great measure remedied by the simple process of putting the chimneys into a kettle of cold water, and gradually heating them till the water boils, after which they must be allowed to cool very gradually. This might be repeated several times with good results, after which they must be polished with a soft, clean, dry cloth. If soot collects in the chimney from any sudden turning the wick too high, or by exposure of the flame to draught, brush it out with one of the chimney brushes, which should constitute part of the lamp equipment in every well-reguated kitchen, and then rub and polish with clean cloths on the end of a small mop of cotton wick.

All the routine connected with the care of lamps should be performed in the early morning hours, and at a regular time. This being observed it will only be necessary to give the lamp a slight dusting or rubbing with a cloth before lighting it and bringing it to the table or sitting-room in the evening. Having observed carefully these directions, the housewife will be rewarded by the brilliant, steady soft glow of the lamps that cheer and light the evening hours.

It remains only to advise that the housewife select good lamps when purchasing, and to use them only when the wick is turned up to its best capacity for illumination without smoke; in a word, never allow a lamp to burn with its wick turned low, as the effects are most injurious to the atmosphere of a room, and consequently to its tenants, beside being most disagreeable. —*Christian at Work.*

RECIPES.

To Extinguish Kerosene Flames.—If no cloth is at hand, throw flower on the flames. Flour rapidly absorbs the fluid, and deadens the flame.

Hominy Blancmange.—Put three ounces of hominy to soak in cold water, just enough to cover it, then, in a few hours, add a pint and a half of milk and cook gently for two hours, when it may be sweetened and flavored to taste, and poured into moulds. It sets in a very short time.

Apple Snow.—Make a pint of custard with the yolks of three eggs in the usual way; the whites must be beaten to a stiff froth, and mixed with the pulp of four or five baked apples well sweetened and flavored with lemon-rind. This, if lightly piled on the custard, has a very pretty effect. It should be kept in a very cool place until wanted for use.

Oyster Omelet.—Add to a half cup of cream six eggs, beaten very light; season with pepper and salt, and pour into a frying-pan with a tablespoon of butter; drop in a dozen large oysters cut in halves, or chopped fine with parsley, and fry until a light brown. Double omelet over and serve immediately.

Orange Jelly.—Cover one box of gelatine with one pint of cold water and let it soak one hour; then add one pint of boiling water and one pound of sugar. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, then add one pint of orange juice, strain, and turn into moulds to harden. This should stand at least twelve hours.—*Traveller.*

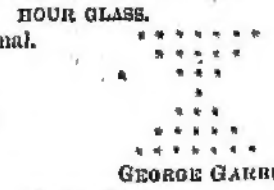
Wheat Flour is excellent for cleaning worsted shawls, hoods, mittens, and other garments. Take dry wheat flour, put it in a tub or vessel in which it can be rubbed, and then rub just as if with soap or water. The garment will become clean and fresh-looking once more. This is for white or light colors; perhaps it would not cleanse dark colors. The flour shakes out very easily.

Stewed Apples.—Strain the juice of two lemons, add the rind cut into thin strips, and half a pound of sugar. Bring as slowly as possible to the boil, let it simmer until thick, then add seven or eight apples peeled and cored, and as uniform in size as possible. Turn them in the syrup a few times during the stewing, which must be gradual, or they will break. Put them in a glass dish, and pour the syrup round them. The exact quantity of sugar must be determined by taste, and the apples should be rather small. Unless the lemons are very juicy, it may be necessary to add a little water.

PUZZLES—No. 11.

Where is the above verse to be found?

HOUR GLASS.



A spotted animal.
Old.
Before.
A vowel.
Flowing back.
Heaped.
Calmly.

George Garbutt.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead a time-piece and leave a fastening.
2. Behead a story and leave a drink.
3. Behead an ornament and leave a clattering noise.
4. Behead a garment and leave a grain.
5. Behead a month of the year and leave a structure.
6. Behead a seat and leave a part of the body.

John Petit.

AN OLD RIDDLE.

A single mourner was seen following the remains of some person to burial. A stranger had a curiosity to know what relation the mourner could be to the deceased, and on inquiry of him received the following answer; brother and sister have I none but this man's father was my father's son. Now what relation could the mourner be to the deceased?

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 9 letters:—
My 1, 7, 4, 6, is a beast of burden,
My 10, 2, 8, is a piece of cloth,
My 6, 4, 9, 3, is to strike,
My whole is something made from a tree.

G. O. Fisher.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES—NUMBER 10.

Pictorial Acrostic.—"Edinburgh." 1. Egg; 2. Duck; 3. Ibis; 4. Nut; 5. Bell; 6. Umbrella; 7. Rabbit; 8. Glass; 9. Hat.

What Are We.—Spectacles.

Combination Puzzle.—

S C O W L	C O W L
C H A R T	H A R T
T A L E S	A L E S
T R I P E	R I P E
S L E E K	L E E K
R E M I T	E M I T
A S I D E	S I D E
P L E A D	L E A D
S A B L E	A B L E
S M I T E	M I T E
O B E Y S	B E Y S

A Reversal.—Mot-mot, Tom-tom.

Word Syncopations.—Balloon; all, boon. 2. Seine; in, see. 3. Polite; lit, Poe. 4. Ligament; game, lint. 5. Villain; ill, vain. 6. Washing; shin, wag. 7. Disease; seas, dia.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

The following young people have sent correct answers to puzzles:—John Pettit, Herbert Fife, George Garbutt, Albert Brown, and Ella M. Robertson. Address Ed. "Puzzles," *Northern Messenger.*

Breakfast Fritters.—One cup of cold boiled rice, one pint of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, two eggs beaten lightly, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder stirred into the flour, and enough milk to make a thick batter. Fry like griddle cakes.

The Family Circle.

THE HIGHER SERVICE.

'Would I had millions!"—so thought one
With sympathizing heart—
"How would I give my wealth to aid
Those who from loved ones part.

"To bear the glorious gospel light
Across the stormy wave,
And find afar from fatherland
A stranger's lonely grave.

"How would I build a cool retreat
Upon the mountain side,
Where they might rest when burning heat
Drank up life's ebbing tide.

"And if men followed them, I'd make
A Bethel, even there,
Where still might sound, like songs of hope,
The bells that call to prayer.

"O many, many ways I'd send
My treasure for His cause,
Who gave His Son our souls to save,
And write on them His laws;

"His gracious laws of truth and love,
The wondrous mystery
That binds us in most loyal bonds,
Yet makes the spirit free.

"The Cross has told us what we owe
For our redemption, won
Through blood, and death, and agony
Of God's beloved Son.

"And while we think of myriad souls
Still lost in sin's dark night,
Shall we not wish for means to spread
Abroad the Gospel light?"

It may not be thy Father's will,
Fond heart, to give thee gold,
But He will grant thee riches more
Than kingly coffers hold.

He'll give thee power to plead with Him
Through His own smitten Lamb,
That He will hear His servants' cry,
And answer, "Here I am."

That He will grant the word they preach
May hungering spirits feed,
Like bread the pitying Saviour gave
To thousands in their need.

Yet bring of whatso'er thou hast,
Thy farthings, or thy gold,
But ne'er thine earthly offerings
As highest service hold.

Remember sacrifice of old,
Though by Elijah given,
Could only prove the Lord was God
When fire came down from heaven.

The clouds were marshalled in the skies—
God's messengers—to bear
Once more a gift, that holy man
Had sought in fervent prayer.

And though, through ages long and dark,
Man's history seems a wail,
"Thy kingdom come!" the faithful pray,
And they shall yet prevail.

Behold! a universe of worlds
With untold riches ripe,
Is far outweighed in God's high scale
By one true Christian life.

—*Zion's Herald.*

THE MEN THAT SUCCEED.

BY THE REV. EZRA AINKER.

Banks, factories, mills, mercantile establishments, railway companies, all kinds of business are on the alert for men, competent men, leaders in thought, in enterprise. But before you are invited to the higher, you must prove yourself capable in the lower.

The late Henry Ward Beecher, who became the foremost pulpit orator, platform speaker, and writer of this century, began his unique career in a little church in a western village, where he was preacher and sexton at a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars a year, paid in part in turnips, cabbages and onions.

It did not injure he son of the great Lyman Beecher to begin his ministerial labors in the little church at Lawrenceburg. He began there, but he did not end there. He began on one of the smallest salaries of any clergyman of his education and social surrounding, but he ended with the largest income of any Congregational minister on the face of the globe. He began with a society of nineteen members, but he ended with a church of more than twenty-five hundred members. He began little and unknown—he ended with a reputation as wide as Christendom. He was born in the quiet town of Litchfield—he died in the "City of Churches," and in sight of the American metropolis. He was rocked in the rough cradle of eighteen hundred and thirteen; he was buried by weeping thousands in the glowing triumph of eighteen hundred and eighty-seven, and amid the beautiful surroundings of Greenwood.

Although educated at West Point, it did not harm General Grant to begin his military career as one of the lesser commissioned officers. Had he begun at a higher grade he might not have reached the highest. Had he begun as a commanding general he might have ended his career where Pope ended his, or Hooker his, or Burnside his, or Halleck his, or McClellan his. Years of lesser responsibility served to prepare him for the highest responsibility.

A short time since I overheard a hard-worked and sorely-pressed mother say to her son of nineteen years, who was living off her meagre earnings: "Joel, suppose you start out this morning and see if you can find something to do." Evening came, and I overheard this conversation: "Joel, what success to-day?" "I found a place where they wanted a young man; but they were not willing to pay me wages enough. I am not going to work for small pay."

The mother gave a sigh and simply said, "It would be better to work for small pay than to do nothing at all."

Work for small pay! No! He would rather see his mother wear her finger ends off to feed his hungry stomach, and clothe his fat and lazy back, than to work for small pay.

The stalwart young man who will sit by the blazing faggots around the fireside, without an effort to bear his share of the burden, and allow his mother to toil from earliest morn till latest eve, is a disgrace to the family name, and is not worthy of a mother.

It does not make so much difference from whence you came as whither you are going—as to your plans, purposes, aspirations. What though Lincoln was born in a log cabin—he died in the White House. What though he split rails in his boyhood days; he did it well—and learned the knack of splitting rebels' heads as well.

One of the most perfect gentlemen, and one of the most thrifty business men, within the range of my acquaintance was once a barefooted ragged boy from a miserable home. But he is a splendid specimen of a man nevertheless.

The surest way to get out of a small place is to perform your work well. If you do this the responsible position made vacant by the death of that trusted official may be offered you.

Form the habit of promptness. If you are a clerk in a bank, in a store, or an employee in a shop or a mill, or if you are in business for yourself, and there are definite hours, times, seasons, bend everything to the moment and the place.

Learn the important lesson which some people seem never to learn of being on time. It is just as easy to be prompt, when once you have formed the habit of promptness, as to be five minutes or an hour late. There may be times when mountains of difficulty are suddenly thrown across your path and it is beyond your power to keep your engagements, to be in your place at the appointed time. But if you fail there should be some palpable reason for the delay.

Ten minutes late has cost many a young man his position, and his business reputation. It may be you never knew why you were discharged. It was not because you were profane, not because you drank, not because you pilfered from the till, but solely because that every morning you were at your post of duty ten minutes behind the time. The world moved too rapidly for your feet. The hour for business has come ten minutes too soon—and if it had come two hours later, it would have come ten minutes too soon for your gait.

The miserable imp of delay has captured you, and unless you shake him off and say to him, Get thee behind me, Satan, you will be effectually crippled, and perhaps finally crushed by the upper and nether millstone of business, for the god of this world knows no forgiveness to the sluggard.

Do you see that vast establishment, seven stories high, stretching from avenue to avenue, and covering a double block? That interest was built up by a single brain which realized the value of time.

At the early morning hour, and at the appointed time, and with unswerving regularity the man planted himself at the centres of trade. He was there to catch every favoring breeze, to seize upon every opportunity.

Some years since I called upon a millionaire in the morning hours on a matter of business. Although the gentleman was more than seventy years of age, yet he was just as prompt in his office engagements as if he had been in manhood's prime. He glanced at his watch then begged to be excused as he must be at his office within a half hour. Without doubt that habit of promptness had rendered him important service accumulating the millions which lay in his purse.

The same habit may not make you a millionnaire, but it will add something to your meagre income, secure for you a larger place in the thoughts and good wishes of your neighbors. And if misfortune shall ever overtake you, you will have the consciousness that the miscreant of delay did not rob you.

There is not a young man in this city that is robust, intelligent, industrious, sober, conscientious, anxious to do, and willing to work, that need be without employment for a single week.

A well-educated, fine-looking, energetic farmer's boy of twenty-two started from New England to New York to make his own way. When he arrived in the city, he had only fifty cents in his purse and no friends. As he sat upon the steps of a large establishment, he overheard a man say to another that he wished he had a small boy to do errands for the afternoon. The young man sprang to his feet and offered his services, for which he received fifty cents. For two weeks he was employed at one dollar per day. Then he was placed at the ledger. His splendid penmanship made the pages fairly shine with beauty. In a few months he was placed on the road at a salary of three thousand dollars a year. To-day he has a large and thriving business of his own.

Sobriety, diligence, persistency, conscientiousness, Christian faith will give the highest possible success. Such persons shall stand before kings; they shall not stand before mean men.—*Pulpit Treasury.*

HIS HARD LESSON.

EMMA HARRIMAN.

"Of course you intend to vote the Prohibition ticket, Henry?"

"Of course I don't."

"You don't! Not vote the temperance ticket?"

"No."

"You astonish me! a temperance man, too. I thought you had more interest in the matter than to let that go."

"I have too much interest in my business to do it. Now, see here, Mary, don't look at me like that. I am no worse than other men. You know I am a temperance man, but I must consider my business, and it hurts a man to be too strong a temperance man."

"Well, then, I would be hurt; I would do right and take the consequences."

"Oh, that's very easy for you to say, but it's another thing for me to do it. I'm willing to do everything in reason, but I can't be a saint.

"So you'll vote with the whisky men?"

"I shall vote with the same party I've voted with for years.'

"Yes, the party that has licensed these saloons. I think you will have to answer for your share in the business then."

"Nonsense, Mary; don't be so extreme."

And Mr. Lane, an influential and official member of his church, went to his store in a slightly ruffled state. He met a lady on his way who bade him good-morning.

"It's terrible, isn't it?" she said, making a slight gesture toward the saloon close behind them, where a man was sweeping out the accumulated filth. "These places all along the best streets, too, where one can't avoid them. I hope the new party will be strong enough to do away with the whole business before long. That is your party, I suppose, Mr. Lane?"

"You ladies seem to be going into politics in earnest," he answered, evasively; "my wife talked nothing else at breakfast;" and he raised his hat and passed on. But he did not feel altogether comfortable. He had known this lady, Mrs. Lewis, since she was a child—her husband, too; a fine man, but he would drink, sometimes. Mr. Lane wondered if he was at it now. He remembered that Mrs. Lewis had come out of a drug store; she looked pale, too; and it was strange, her being out so early in the morning. He had not thought of it before, but he had not seen Lewis for some days. That must be the trouble. Why couldn't the man be a man, and let liquor alone, he asked himself, impatiently. Then, like a flash, there came the remembrance of a pale face, and he seemed to hear the words, "You don't know what a struggle I have every day of my life. Oh, if the saloons were only closed!" He hurried on to his store, and cast aside all thought of the matter in attention to his business.

In the afternoon, as he was passing along the street, he came suddenly upon a knot of excited people. Two policemen stood there grim and silent. The men were speaking in low, quick tones.

"He's dead!" said one. "I'm sure of it. The bullet went through his brain, they said." A young man stood in the doorway motioning the people back from the closed door. His face was deathly white, and there was blood on his hands, and on the piece of goods he still held mechanically. Mr. Lane started when he saw him; it was Mr. Lewis' brother, and this was Lewis' store; he had not seen that before.

"What is it? What is it?" he asked excitedly. The young man opened his lips, but made no sound. "Lewis has shot himself," said a man at his elbow in a low tone; "he's been on a spree for a week, and he got away from home and came here and shot himself. I beg pardon for being so blunt about it. I did not know you were a friend of his; come in here and sit down a minute," and he drew him toward the next door, for he had grown so white it had frightened the man. But Mr. Lane shook his head.

"Lewis shot himself," he said slowly; he could not make it out. Why, he had been almost like a son to this middle-aged man standing there half paralyzed by the terrible news; Lewis shot!

It could not be. Men did shoot themselves; he saw it every day in the papers, but not like this. Why, he knew this man—such a smart, handsome young fellow, and now he had shot himself!

"You don't know what a struggle I have every day of my life. Oh! if the saloons were only closed.' The words flashed through his mind. He looked around at the waggons rattling up and down the street, the people hurrying along the sidewalk, the grim policeman, the white-faced young man with the blood on his hands, and the hot sun glaring down on them all, and over across the street a big white sign, "Wines and Liquors."

He felt a sickening feeling of terror, "You had better come in here and sit down a minute," said the man at his elbow again. He shook his head. "His father and I were friends, you see, and I've known him since he was a boy," he said, by way of explanation, then he walked slowly along down the street.

An acquaintance met him, rushing excitedly along the street. "Where is Dr. Hammond's office? You know about Lewis? Terrible, isn't it?—and I believe it's killed his wife. Where is Dr. Hammond's office?" He rushed on and Mr. Lane went slowly on toward home. His wife met him at the door. "Have you heard?" she cried, but she saw by his face that he had. "They have sent for me; they think Stella is dying," and she stepped into the carriage that stood waiting for her, and was driven away. Mr. Lane will never forget the hours that followed, as long as he lives, "I am glad Stella lived, Mary," he said that night. "I couldn't have endured it, if she had died too. I helped kill her husband, for I voted for these men that licensed these saloons, but I'll never do it again, never, not if it costs my last cent to be a Prohibitionist. It has been a terrible waking up for me, but I'll never countenance half way work in this matter. The saloons must be closed."

—*Union Signal.*

THE EMPRESS VICTORIA OF GERMANY.

The new Empress of Germany is proving every day to the German people what her countrymen, who love to think of her as their own Princess Royal, have long known, that she is one of the most talented and remarkable women of her age. Great things, of course, have from the first been expected from the daughter of such a mother, and such a father and nobly have those expectations been fulfilled. When only a little girl Baron Stockmar, the intimate personal friend of the family, wrote of her, "I hold her to be exceptionally gifted in many things even to the point of genius."

But aside from her own individual capacity few women have had the advantage of such a training as she. As a little girl her father, the noble Prince Consort, superintended not only every detail of her education, such as would be given to any other talented child of noble birth, but when still only a child he began with her and continued regularly such a well-planned systematic education in politics as probably never fell to the lot of a woman before or since. When only thirteen years old her father, while walking with her in the grounds of the palace, would one day tell her the contents of his letters from political correspondents throughout Europe and the next let her read them with the answers he had written. All this was in addition to her lessons taken with her regular masters and governesses one of whom, Mr. William Ellice, was her instructor for years in the science of political economy. How would our fourteen-year-old Canadian girls like this? In 1855 her father wrote of her: "Vicky is also very busy. She now comes to me every evening from six to seven when I put her through a kind of general catechizing, and in order to give precision to her ideas I make her work out certain subjects by herself and bring me the results to be revised. Thus she is now engaged in writing a short compendium of Roman History." Yet if it were hard work, could it have been anything else but delightful with such a teacher?

THE NEW GERMAN EMPRESS, VICTORIA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA, PRINCESS ROYAL OF GREAT BRITAIN.

In the summer of 1855 the Princess Royal first saw her future husband, and two years afterwards the fond father delivered his "little lady" up to the care of another. The wedding was celebrated in the old chapel of St. James' Palace in the presence of about thirty princes and princesses and three hundred peers and peeresses, when she was described as "looking very touching and lovely with such an innocent, confiding and serious expression, her veil hanging back over her shoulders." The parting with her parents was sad, more especially with her father. "I think it will kill me to take leave of dear papa," she said one day to her mother, and many an eye-witness told touching stories of the tear-swollen face of the young bride as she drove away in an open carriage through the falling snow. An amusing proof of her popularity among her own people, at which, sorrowful as she was, she could not help laughing, was heard when some one in the crowd called out, "If he does not treat you well, come back to us."

Amusing stories too are told of her breaking through the stiff etiquette of the court of Berlin, horrifying ladies of the court by putting away and arranging quantities of linen, or carrying a chair from one part of a room to another instead of summoning a servant. To all reproofs for such enormities she quietly replied, "My mother did it," or "Do you really think that my dignity forbids anything which is frequently done by the Queen of England?"

Apparently mindful of her own early days and of her father's influence upon her mind and character, she pays the closest attention to the education of her children, not only superintending their lessons but actually studying those lessons with them. She is devoted to art, literature, and science, is an accomplished musician, clever with pencil and brush, with the exception of Queen Margherita of Italy is considered quite the cleverest woman in Europe, gives the warmest sympathy and strongest practical help to any charitable enterprise brought to her notice, and is withal a devoted daughter, wife and mother. Her knowledge of scientific subjects is considered most remarkable for a woman, she being able to converse learnedly with such men as Virchow and Von Helmholz. Her clear knowledge of her husband's disease is a subject of wonder to everyone of his physicians. Her long and efficient nursing has become a matter of world-wide knowledge and interest, and the earnest wish and prayer of all is that such faithfulness may see its fruit in the return to health of one whose death all feel would be such a sore loss to his country.

IT IS SADLY to be regretted that so few parents bring their children with them to the services of the church. They seem to think that the Sunday-school is "the children's church," and the children are likely to come to regard that Sunday-school in the same light, and therefore when they have attended upon its session, they regard themselves as free to use the rest of the day in the attainment of their own wishes. The great trouble, however, is that when children have not formed a habit of attending the church, the Sunday-school has but a slight hold upon them, and when they arrive at the age of fourteen or sixteen, they are likely to drop out of the school, and be lost both to the school and to the church. Any legitimate means which will secure their attendance upon the preaching of the gospel can but be productive of great good. —*From Methods of Church Work, by Rev. S. Stall.*

SERVICE is the end of man. Service is the necessity of man. Service is the glory of man.—*Indian Witness.*

THE STORY OF LARS.

Lars was a mastiff, one of the great Russian dogs, that have such a grand way of walking and such fierce dark faces. Oh! I'd as soon meet a lion any day as one of them unchained.

When Lars was only a very young and clumsy puppy he lived in Russia, where he had a very good time indeed with his brothers and sisters, and if his mother did box his ears once in a while, why it was only her way of teaching him good manners, so he winked and learned to do better next time.

But Lars' troubles began when a strange gentleman came into the kennel one day with his master, and began looking very carefully at his brothers and sisters as well as at himself. His mother showed her teeth a little while the stranger was handling the puppies, but a "Quiet, Olga," from her master, prevented her from stirring.

"This is a capital fellow," said the strange gentleman, picking up Lars last of all, "and with many thanks, if you are willing, I'll take him."

"Yes, take him; he's as good as any of them, and very sweet tempered."

Poor Lars! Well, he probably was sweet-tempered until they treated him so badly, but when he was shaken and jolted all the way from Russia to Liverpool in a baggage-car, and then chained up in a dreary hole for eight days, while the vessel swayed and rocked to America, no wonder the poor dog snapped and snarled and was very unpleasant to everybody when his new master tried to lead him on the dock when the steamer reached New York.

"Very handsome! splendid breed! but a very dangerous dog, evidently," everybody said. "You must keep him chained up all the time," and poor Lars heard this said in the new strange language he was trying to learn, and looked from one person to another very wistfully, trying to say with his eyes and his tail that really he wasn't such a bad dog if they would only try him!

Then there came another of those terrible railway journeys. All day long Lars howled in his box in the baggage-car, until at evening the train stopped at a quiet little station where the world looked more like itself again to his tired eyes, as there was green grass and plenty of trees waving overhead.

Still there was that terrible chain. If he could have only been rid of it once, and taken a good roll on the soft grass, Lars was sure he would have felt very amiable indeed. But the groom, who was told to lead him home, was a cross fellow, besides being dreadfully afraid of this great awkward puppy, so he only pulled and twitched at the chain, and hurried Lars along as fast as he would consent to go.

What a lovely place Ridgeway was. Even poor, tired, cross Lars thought so, as he saw the lovely green slope of the lawn and the great trees, besides, the house was covered with ivy and climbing roses.

If only they would take that dreadful chain off, and let him roll, and race and tear about on the green grass, and drink all he could of the cold water that came tumbling over the stones from the hill behind the house, he'd be a good dog, he felt sure. But instead of that he was chained up to a box with a door in it for him to go in and out of; a comfortable bed of straw was arranged for him to lie on, and a plate full of bones sent out from the kitchen for his eating.

"We don't live in this way in Russia," said Lars to himself as he turned over the bones in a dainty manner.

So he grew crosser and crosser as time went on, and everybody in the house grew very much afraid of him.

When carriages drove up to the house he barked and danced as far as his chain would let him, to tell them that if they would only unfasten him and let him go with them a little way, he'd be a very good dog indeed.

It was just the same with the people in the house who went out to ride on horseback. Lars begged and longed to go with them, and barked and jumped to attract their attention, but they would pay no attention at all to the fact that he wanted a little run and a little roll on the fresh grass.

Finally Lars began to think. He had plenty of time to do so, you know; hours of hot summer sunshine that he had to spend in his box, and he made up his mind to this:

"I've been very badly treated. Everybody's afraid of me. Even the cook puts the dish as far away as she can, when she comes out to feed me. I'll be bad. I'll be just as bad as they think I am. And the very first day my chain breaks—it will break some time, if I only pull hard enough!—I'll go in the house and eat someone up! I've had trouble enough!"

A baby had come to the Ridgeway house while Lars was thinking about these dreadful things, and there wasn't a person in the house who thought they could do enough for the little rose leaf, rolled up in the finest and softest of cambric and lace, that did nothing but smile and open its blue eyes once in awhile when its mother hugged it closer to her heart.

The baby owned silver mines and gold mines; it owned acres and acres of land; it had money, gold dollars by the—well, a great many—in bank, but all it really cared for was to lie in its mother's arms, and to be rocked and patted and kept warm and quiet.

Lars, lying out in his kennel or walking up and down as far as his chain would let him, heard all about the baby. Dogs learn the English language very easily, you know, and then and there said to himself "As soon as I can break this chain I'll go and see this baby, I'll bite it, and then they'll be sorry they chained me up."

HE PUT HIS TWO FORE PAWS ON THE CHAIR AND LOOKED DOWN IN THE BABY'S FACE.

Poor dog! He had been chained up two years now, and he was really very cross indeed.

So it came about one morning that the baby's mother, who was sitting in one of the pretty rooms down stairs, looking out at the rippling water and the rustling leaves, humming a song all the while, that made the baby's eyelids grow heavier and heavier until he promised to be asleep very soon, heard a soft "pit-patting" up the piazza steps and across the floor. When turning around to see who was coming, and holding up a warning finger for no one to disturb baby, she saw standing in the doorway the great dog Lars.

What was she to do?

"Never go near him," every one said. "He'll tear you into pieces." And here he was! standing in the door, and her precious baby was in her lap!

Lars, you know I told you, when he was young had an excellent temper, and even the few minutes that he had been free from his chain—it had broken at last—had made him feel something like his old self again. Slowly he walked across the room pit-pat to the side of the chair where the little mother and the baby were sitting. Then quietly he put his two fore paws on the chair, and looked down in the baby's face.

What do you suppose the dog thought about? The years it had been chained and all the wrongs he had suffered, the water he had gone without when he was thirsty, because some one was careless, and all the dinners the cook had forgotten?

I don't believe Lars thought of one of these things when he saw the little rose-leaf face lying on the pillow.

While he was looking at it, the baby opened its blue eyes, and instead of being frightened at the dog face looking down into it so earnestly, smiled, and tossed up two hands against the great dog's black mouth.

And do you think Lars bit one of those hands?

Of course you don't. He licked them over carefully, as if he was afraid they hadn't been washed quite clean that morning—but of course they had been—and then when the little mother's color was beginning to come back in her cheeks, she had been so terribly frightened, you know, he laid himself down at the baby's feet, saying as plainly as a dog could, "This is my place, and here I am going to stay."

And there he did stay, with the baby I mean. No one ever tried to chain him up again.

There is nothing like love in this world. It can make a fierce dog gentle, and a great rough man quiet, and the lion and the lamb will be friends again.—*Churchman.*

"If I WERE A BOY."

If I were a boy again I would look on the cheerful side of everything, for almost everything has a cheerful side. Life is very much like a mirror; if you smile upon it, it smiles back again on you, but if you frown and look doubtful upon it, you will be sure to get a similar look in return. I once heard it said of a grumbling, unthankful person, "He would have made an uncommonly fine sour apple, if he had happened to be born in that station of life!" Inner sunshine warms not only the heart of the owner, but all who come in contact with it. Indifference begets indifference. "Who shuts love out, in turn shall be shut out from love."

If I were a boy again I would school myself to say "No" oftener. I might write pages on the importance of learning very early in life to gain that point where a young man can stand erect and decline doing an unworthy thing because it is unworthy, but the whole subject is so admirably treated by dear old President James Walker, who was once the head of Harvard College, that I beg you to get his volume of discourses and read what he has to tell you about saying "No" on every proper occasion. Dr. Walker had that supreme art of "putting things" which is now so rare among instructors of youth or age, and what he has left for mankind to read is written in permanent ink.

If I were a boy again I would demand of myself more courtesy toward my companions and friends. Indeed, I would rigorously exact it of myself toward strangers as well. The smallest courtesies, interspersed along the rough roads of life, are like the little English sparrows now chattering to us all winter long, and making that season of ice and snow more endurable to everybody.

But I have talked long enough, and this shall be my parting paragraph. Instead of trying so hard as some of us do to be happy, as if that were the sole purpose of life, I would, if I were a boy again, try still harder to deserve happiness.—*James T. Fields in Journal of Education.*

BE AWAKE.

I have heard of a little maiden who said "It was so very hard, she always had to go to bed just when she wished to stay up, and to get up just when she wished to go to bed;" and I know many children feel as she did; but if they had old heads on their young shoulders, they would know that those who are growing require more sleep than those who are at their full strength; and also, that if they do not go to bed early they will not be ready to get up for the bright morning hours, which are the very best of the whole day.

It is a happy thing to be awake early, and to get into the habit of rising early. Lord Chatham said: "I should have inscribed on the curtains of your bed and on the walls of your chamber, 'If you do not rise early, you can make progress in nothing.'" Therefore, that you may be early awake, and may keep awake at your lessons, or at your work, be early in bed. I sometimes wish, when I hear children grumbling about having to go too soon to their pleasant bed, so soft and sweet, that they knew what it was to be really weary. In the factories, before the law was passed which limited the hours of labor, children often fell asleep over their work, though they knew they would be speedily aroused, and punished for doing so. During the battle of the Nile, many ship-boys were so weary that they were seen lying asleep on the decks, awakened neither by the noise around them, nor by the fear of their officers' anger, nor by their own danger. They were so weary that they must sleep, whatever came of it. I think if some little people who make ugly faces about going to bed, had more to tire them, they would not only be glad to go to bed, but would thank God that they had a bed to go to, while the children of poverty have to sleep as they can—oftentimes cold and comfortless.—*Chatterbox.*

MACAULAY AND BOOKS.

In one of Lord Macaulay's letters to a pet little niece he tells her that she will find that books are "better than all the tarts and cakes and toys and plays and sights in the world. If anybody would make me the greatest king that ever lived, with palaces and gardens and fine dinners, and wine and coaches and beautiful clothes and hundreds of servants, on condition that I would not read books, I would not be a king. I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books than a king who did not love reading."

Make the best of everything;
Think the best of everbody;
Hope the best for yourself;
Do as I have done,—persevere.
—*George Stephenson.*

LITTLE BRITOMARTIS.

BY ALICE MAUD EDDY.

"But there was a maiden knight once!" said Letty, with her brown eyes full of tears.

"Sir Lancelot" and "Sir Gareth," otherwise Jack and Harry, paused in their tilt, and gazed at their little sister in amazement.

"There was," persisted Letty, resolutely, though with a quivering lip. "I read all about her in one of Papa's books. Her name was Britomartis, and she had long golden hair that fell down when she took her helmet off, and—and she conquered everybody."

"Go on and tell us all about it," said Harry, dropping his sword. Letty was always finding entertaining stories in books that neither of the boys would have thought of opening. It was she who had told them about the Round Table, and had set them to reading for themselves the wonderful adventures of Lancelot and Gareth, of Tristram, and Galahad, and Alisander. It was rather hard that she should be shut out from the fascinating games that grew out of these researches into the "Morte d'Arthur," simply because she was a girl. The boys were quite willing that their sister should take the part of the distressed lady for whom they should fight; but sitting on a rag-bag and crying out, "Oh, Sir Lancelot, thou flower of knighthood, succor a forlorn lady!" were entirely beneath Letty's ambition, and even the more active part of gracefully waving a handkerchief during a tournament, and tying her hair-ribbon about the helmet of the conqueror, failed to satisfy her desires. It was with a decided sense of injury that Letty went on with her story.

"Yes, she conquered every knight that she fought, and she was always helping ladies and everybody that needed her, and she was the strongest and most beautiful knight in Fairy-land."

"Fairy-land!" exclaimed Harry. "Was it just a fairy story? That doesn't count!"

"It was lovely poetry!" said Letty, indignantly, "and king Arthur was in it too, so it counts just as much as anything."

"If it was poetry, it wasn't true," said Jack, conclusively. "I thought it didn't sound very true! Great idea that—of a woman conquering all the knights! I'd just like to see a girl that was braver than a boy! Come, Harry, let's go on playing! 'Gay Sir Knight, wilt thou ride a tilt with me?'" And the boys careered wildly about the garret on their invisible chargers, leaving Letty to amuse herself as she could until school-time.

It was a beautiful May morning. The grass along the roadside was white with daisies, as the children ran to school. Tilts and tournaments were forgotten, under the clear blue sky, with the soft wind tossing Letty's hair, while Jack chased butterflies, and Harry blew off the feathery dandelion-tops to see which way he should go to seek his fortune. They stopped as they passed the railway bridge to look at the lily-pads in the marshy water below it, and to prophesy how long it would be before they could come there to gather the lilies; and then they went on to school as usual. They did not dream that none of the three would ever pass that place in the same careless way again, nor that the commonplace row of railway sleepers would be made beautiful for them forever after that day by a deed that was finer and fairer than even the snowy lilies which blossomed below it in the summer-time.

They had just reached the turn of the road which passed the bridge, on their way home, that afternoon, when Letty heard a child's cry. A very little girl, not more than four years old, stood in the middle of the bridge looking helplessly from one bank to the other. It was not a long distance across, and the water below was not deep, but the child was evidently frightened, and it was not in Letty's nature to pass any one in trouble without trying to help.

"What's the matter?" she called. "Wait a minute, boys! How did she ever get there?"

"I can't get off," wailed the child. "I'm afraid. Oh, please come and help me!"

"Stand still, then, and I will," called Letty again, beginning to step carefully from one sleeper to another.

Jack and Harry never forgot the next few minutes. It seemed as if a flash of lightning had engraved the whole picture on their hearts, so vividly could they recall it long after.

The railway track made a sharp turn out of the woods across the bridge, and passed them leading down toward the village. The afternoon sun shone through the trees on the farther bank, and flecked with light the little figure of the sobbing child, who was waiting for Letty. She had on a pink apron, and her hair was brown and curly. Jack noticed a great red butterfly over Letty's head as she stepped on the third sleeper. Then a rumbling sound, growing louder and louder, beyond made him cry out in terror, to his sister:

"Letty! Letty! come back! The train! the train!"

There it was, like a great fiery dragon, sweeping around the turn; and there was Letty on the bridge, and the little girl nearer to the opposite shore. It all happened in a moment. Letty gave a great gasp. The boys heard it, and saw her pause as if to turn back, and then, full in the face of the coming train, timid Letty sprang on toward the stranger child, and caught her in her arms, just as the engine, which had slackened speed, but could not stop before reaching them, rolled upon the bridge. Harry screamed wildly; Jack shut his eyes and dropped on the grass with a great sob. There was a rush and rumble, which seemed ages long, a shriek from the engine, and then the place was still again. When Jack opened his eyes he saw that the train had stopped as soon as it reached the shore; that a brakeman, with Harry following, was half-way down the bridge; and beyond them Jack saw Letty herself, but crouched on the sleepers outside the track, with the brown head of the other child lying on her arm. They were both very still. "Dead!" thought Jack, with a sudden wild feeling that he loved Letty dearly, and wanted her to be with him all his life, and that he had not been kind to her that morning in the garret.

"Mamma," said Harry, afterward, "when we got them off the bridge and found they weren't either of them hurt, but only terribly frightened, Jack and I both sat down and cried! But Letty was crying so hard herself that she didn't notice it; and don't you tell!"

That evening, as Letty lay pale and quiet, but very happy, in her bed, whither she had retired much earlier than usual, Jack stole in with his sword in his hand. It was a black walnut sword, with a brown silk cord and tassel on the hilt, and Jack was very proud of it. He sat down on the other side of the bed and held it out to Letty, in an embarrassed manner.

"You're the bravest girl I ever heard of!" he said, hurriedly; "and I'll just own up and say that I never would have dared to do what you did,—and besides, I think so much of you, Letty,—and poetry does count, too—and you can have my sword and be any knight you please, and I'll never be mean to you again. So there, now!"

"It was to help the little girl that I went," said Letty, with a joyous smile; "and I know you would have gone on, too, if you'd been on the bridge; so you needn't say I'm braver than you are. And I know it will be more fun for all of us if you and Harry let me play with you; and I love you dearly, Jack!"

Jack looked sheepish, but pleased.

"I'll dub you knight myself, if you like," he said. "People used to like to have Sir Lancelot dub them knight."

And so, with much laughter and much enjoyment, the ceremony was performed at once; and when Mamma came in, a few minutes later, she found the little maiden-knight lying asleep, with the sword in her hand, and a look of such gladness in her face, that the tears sprung to the mother's eyes as she thought of what might have been.—*St. Nicholas.*

THE INFLUENCE OF ONE GOOD LIFE.

BY BELLE V. CUISHOLM.

About two-score years ago, a young apprentice, poor and friendless, took up his abode in the great, noisy city of London. He was an entire stranger; but, in spite of his loneliness and poverty, he was rich in a single endowment,—Christian faith. He took lodgings in St. Paul's Churchyard; and the first time he entered his little room he locked the door, and, kneeling down, made a simple prayer of consecration. No one but God and himself knew of the gift he laid upon the altar that night, nor of the peace that came to him as he placed his young head upon the hard pillow when he sought his lonely couch

Though eighty young men were employed in the same establishment in which he was to work, he felt the solitude of the city; and many lonely hours he spent, even when surrounded by scores of living, breathing beings. A great reformer once said: "I resolved to have no friends by chance, but by choice, and to choose only such as would help me in my spiritual life."

This young apprentice had a like purpose. Finding a few honest, upright men among his fellow-workmen, he chose his friends from among them, and, when well acquainted, invited some of them to join him in holding a prayer-meeting in his room. Those invited brought others with them, and the meetings grew both in numbers and interest. Soon the little room where the consecration prayer had been offered became too small to accommodate those seeking admittance, and the meetings were multiplied. The good begun in the apprentices' boarding-hall could not be confined to the young workmen alone; for God was in the movement, and carried its influence out into the busy city. Young men's meetings for young men became a power among the London trades, and in 1844 they led to the forming of the first Young Men's Christian Association.

The society became a deep religious movement. All through England its influence was felt. America responded to the good work at once, and parts of Asia and the islands of the sea fell into line as the glad news reached their far-away shores.

Nearly three thousand Associations were represented, or reported, at the tenth annual conference, held in Berlin.

The movement peculiarly meets the wants of colleges, and hundreds of Associations have been formed in colleges and schools of the higher grade.

A few months since, a gentleman, walking along the embankment of the Thames, saw the grand old dome of St. Paul's glittering in the twilight, and recalled to a friend the historic association of the building. "And yet," replied the friend, with his eyes still upon London's crown, "the influence of that church during the present century has, I think, been outweighed by the consecrated work of a single individual."

"Who?" inquired the gentleman.

"A mere lad," was the reply. "I refer to the poor apprentice, who, in his humble room in St. Paul's Churchyard, began the glorious work of the Young Men's Christian Association in the world."

It is impossible for us to weigh influences or calculate results; but the gentleman's assertion is inspiring, and suggests lessons to those who do not wish to be idlers in the world, and whose only possession is faith. —*S. S. Times.*

HOW CHOCOLATE IS MADE.

"Chocolate," said a confectioner, "is made from beans that grow in pods on the cacao tree. These trees are numerous in the West Indies, and it is from there we get our supply. The beans are brought hither in the pod, and put through a regular manufacturing process to produce the chocolate cakes that we use. The first operation is the breaking of the husks and separating them from the kernels by a blast of air. Then the beans are ground with sugar by revolving granite grindstones. The stones are heated, and the oil contained in the bean makes the mass adhere and become a thick paste. This pulp is now partly dried, and the air bubbles are squeezed out in a press, and it is transferred to the cooling tables. Here it is beaten and worked by hand to produce an even texture and a fine grain. Then it is placed in moulds, a blast of cold air is turned on and in a few minutes the beautiful glossy tablets are finished.

"The British government as recently directed that chocolate be served two or three times a week in the army and navy. In confectionery the Parisians exceed us in the number of preparations of chocolate. We use it in its natural flavor only, while they mix essences and other flavors with it, until there is no end to the combinations that they produce. In England much of the chocolate is adultered. Some recent tests detected flour, starch, potato, lard, chalk, bran and old sea-biscuit in specimens offered for sale."

A VERY BEAUTIFUL PRAYER.

This is a short but very beautiful prayer that Dr. Arnold wrote for his own use before he went into the school of Rugby every day:—"O Lord, I have a busy world around me; eye, ear and thought will be needed for all my work to be done in that busy world. Now, ere I enter upon it, I would commit eye, ear and thought to Thee! Do Thou bless them, and keep their work Thine; that as through Thy natural laws, my heart beats and my blood flows without any thought of mine for them, so my spiritual life may hold on its course at those times when my mind cannot consciously turn to Thee to commit each particular thought to Thy services. "Hear my prayer, for my dear Redeemer's sake. Amen."

HOW?

"How shall I a habit break?"
As you did that habit make.
As you gathered, you must lose;
As you yielded, now refuse.
Thread by thread the strand we twist
Till they bind us neck and wrist;
Thread by thread the patient hand,
Must untwine ere free we stand,
As we builded, stone by stone,
We must toil unhelped, alone,
Till the wall is overthrown.

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

READING AND EDUCATION.

Mere reading will never suffice for the needs of an uneducated mind. The mental food which really nourishes us cannot be imbibed through a glass tube, while we sit luxuriously in an easy-chair. Every one has to work for an education. The food of the mind has to be earned, masticated, digested, and assimilated, before it does us much good.

Reading, it is true, has its important office in education, and, besides, there are various ways of reading. I knew a business man in New York who, though he could not get more than half an hour a day for reading, seemed to me to get a liberal education out of one book, Grote's "History of Greece."

He sat down before this great work with such a keen appetite for the knowledge it contained; he read it so slowly, so carefully, and with so much reflection; he got so many side-lights upon it from other sources, and talked about it so much with his friends, that he became, in the course of the two years during which the book occupied him, a truly learned man in all that appertains to the history and literature of Greece. Other readers will dawdle over books from youth to hoary age, and remain to the last ignorant and uninformed.

Franklin's example instructs us on this point. When he left school for good, and went apprentice to his brother James, the printer, he was but twelve years of age, and nearly all he had in the way of education was a hunger for knowledge.

At first, he did little but read. He spent all his money in buying books, as well as all his spare time in reading them. But he soon found that reading alone would not make him an educated person, and he proceeded to act upon this discovery in a very rational manner. He took the very method which is both easiest and best for boys of the present day.

At school he had been unable to understand arithmetic. Twice he had given it up as a hopeless puzzle, and finally left school almost wholly ignorant of the subject. But he had no sooner taken hold of business as a printer's boy than he found his ignorance of figures extremely inconvenient.

When he was about fourteen he took up for the third time the "Cocker's Arithmetic" which had baffled him at school, and ciphered all through it with ease and pleasure. He then mastered a work upon navigation, which included the rudiments of geometry, and thus tasted the inexhaustible charm of mathematics.

He pursued a similar course in acquiring the art of composition, in which, at length, he excelled most of the men of his time. When he was but a boy of sixteen he wrote so well that the pieces which he slyly sent to his brother's paper were thought to have been written by some of the most learned men in the colony. Indeed, he edited the newspaper when he was sixteen years of age, while his brother was confined in prison for a libel.

He committed one great error in his self-education—he half-starved his body to buy food for his mind, making his dinner of a few raisins and a piece of bread. No one more needs abundant and nourishing food than he who is doing mental labor.

No doubt young Benjamin picked up some good meals at his father's house during the week, or he could not have accomplished what we know he did accomplish in self-education. Half the students who "break down" owe their failure to a system of nourishment which is either erroneous or insufficient.—*James Parton, in Youth's Companion.*

JOHN BARTRAM.

Sometimes the desire for knowledge arises suddenly in the mind. John Bartram was a young farmer near Philadelphia when Franklin was a rising printer there. One hot day, while he was giving his plough horses a rest under a tree, he picked by chance a daisy, as he sat on the grass, and began to examine its structure.

He was amazed to discover what an elegant and dainty thing it was, and he felt a pang of shame at his total ignorance of the marvels of nature among which he had passed his life.

That very day he rode one of his plough horses to Philadelphia in quest of a book that could explain to him the structure and growth of plants. He could find but one, a great folio in Latin, of which he knew nothing. He bought, it nevertheless, and with it a Latin grammar and dictionary, all of which he brought home on his horse, and in three months he began to be able to grope and struggle his way to the meaning of his big Latin book.

Bartram became the leading botanist of America, spent all his days in the study and culture of plants, founded in Philadelphia a botanic garden which Washington visited and Franklin admired, and served his country by introducing from other lands and zones all the plants and trees he could hear of that promised to thrive in the climate of the United States.

Seldom has there been a man who lived a lovelier or more useful life. He reared a son also who continued his work and wrote his history. And it all began with picking a daisy to pieces under a tree!—*James Parton, in Youth's Companion.*

PLAYING CARDS for pastime, is regarded as an innocent amusement, but soon becomes a passion, and leads a man to forego home, family, business and pleasure, for the exciting scenes of the card-table. The presence of culture and genius may embellish, but can never dignify it. It is the resort of the starved in soul and intellect. It cannot recommend itself to the favor of Christian people. Dr. Holland, the accomplished American writer, says:— I have this moment ringing in my ears the dying injunction of my father's early friend, "Keep your son from cards. Over them I have murdered time and lost heaven." Fathers and mothers, keep your sons from cards in the "home circle."—*Teeple.*

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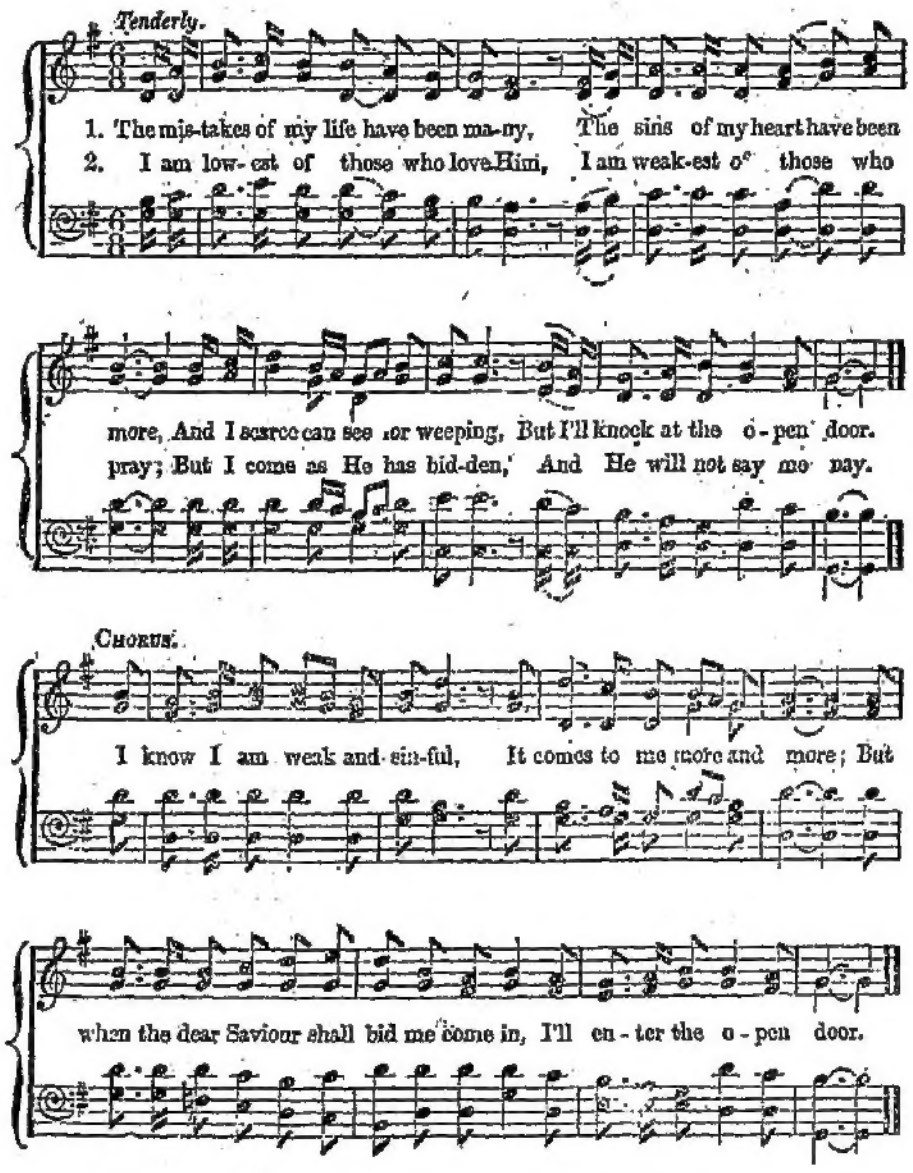
The Mistakes of my Life.

"Behold, I have set before thee an open door."—Rev. iii. 8.

Tenderly.
1. The mis-takes of my life have been ma-ny, The sins of my heart have been
2. I am low-est of those who love Him, I am weak-est o' those who
more, And I scarce can see for weeping, But I'll knock at the o-pen door.
pray; But I come as He has bid-den, And He will not say me nay.
Chorus.
I know I am weak and sin-ful, It comes to me more and more; But
when the dear Saviour shall bid me come in, I'll en-ter the o-pen door.

3. My mistakes his free grace will cover,
My sins he will wash away,
And the feet that shrink and falter,
Shall walk through the gates of day.

4. The mistakes of my life have been many,
And my spirit is sick with sin,
And I scarce can see for weeping,
But the Saviour will let me in.

Question Corner.—No. 10.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

34. An army was once perishing for want of water, when suddenly in the night, as a prophet had foretold, all water courses around were filled with water, although through all that region of country no rain had been seen. (a) What was the suffering army, and (b) who was the prophet?

35. By whom, to whom and on what occasion was said "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

36. Where is Jacob's well mentioned in the New Testament and in what connection.

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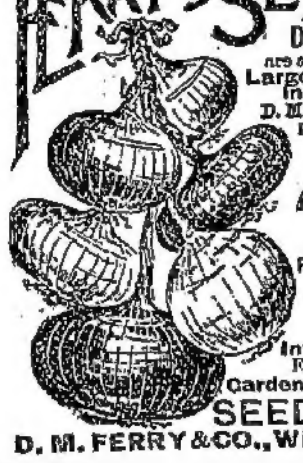

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